

# THE WASHINGTON HATCHET.

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## WHY RUSH THE CROSSINGS?

It endangers the life and limb, not only of the pedestrian, but likewise all kinds of slow-moving vehicles, drawn by horse power, with their precious human freight. Last Wednesday afternoon, at the corner of 3d street and Pennsylvania avenue, a car of the Capital Traction Company in "rushing the crossing" ran into a wagon loaded with furniture and completely demolished the whole outfit. True, no lives were lost, no limbs were broken—but suppose, instead of furniture the wagon had been freighted with human beings—what a horror! Bruised, broken, maimed, disfigured and killed. The whole city would have been shocked. Another terrible disaster would have been added to the long list already credited to this beautiful Capital city, and all because the street car magnates and their supporters and abettors want to make "time" on their lines—gather in the shekels fast and faster, so that the greedy maws of the stockholders may be filled with larger dividends.

## A DEATH TRAP.

Wednesday the railroads had on their "war paint." Death and disaster followed fast and followed faster as the day grew older. Again the B. & O. added another to its already aggravated list of tragedies due to the criminal negligence and parsimony of the company. Wednesday a buggy was struck at one of the unguarded crossings. Michael O'Connor was killed instantly, and his sister died the day following from injuries received. Had a party of young, reckless and hilarious men occupied the vehicle it might be said that proper precautions were not observed, but in this case one of the most cautious of men held the reins, and eye-witness states that he made heroic efforts to avert the tragedy. Not only has the company refused to provide safety gates, but multiply the dangers of these crossings at Eckington by blocking the view with freight cars. This most impudent of corporations will not seek to remedy the murderous conditions unless extreme measures are resorted to. Have we no means of suppressing this giant of outrage? This demon of destruction? How long shall it be permitted to carry on its murderous work without let or hindrance? How long?

## AND STILL ANOTHER!

Last Wednesday morning on the Glen Echo road an attempt was made to have two cars moving in opposite directions pass on the same track. Result, a head on collision. 'Twas little short of a miracle that none were killed outright. Such accidents are inexcusable. There appears to have been no precaution, and said accident the result of criminal negligence. Somebody is responsible—gravely responsible, and the public demands a clear explanation, a rigid investigation, that the burden of the blame may be placed where it belongs. This is the season when the suburban lines are well patronized. For a time, under Kindergarten management, all goes well, and then without warning a frightful disaster occurs, which lays bare the appalling fact that great danger was ever eminent from incompetency, carelessness or negligence on the part of the management. To bring the management to a proper understanding of their duty to the public, we say emphatically—"make the punishment fit the crime."

The census enumerators are at work. There is no earthly reason why they should not get prompt and correct answers from everybody. As only such information will be sought that everybody should be willing to give, furthermore it should be borne in mind that information gathered by the enumerators is confidential. The principle feature is that which refers to population. Everybody wants to know just how many more people are now in the United States than were here ten years ago. There are many other important branches of the census subject, however, and my dear Madam, when the census man asks "how old are you?" don't become indignant and answer "it's none of your business," but make his pathway easy by answering promptly and pleasantly.

## "TERRIERS."

Everybody knows that there are numerous species of the canine kind known as "terriers," but there are few men who have been bold enough to characterize a large and powerful body of human beings as "TERRIERS." And yet, a very dear, personal friend of mine, whose store is situated on a very prominent corner of one of our principal business streets, so far forgot himself and his business interests as to apply this foul epithet to a grand body of men who had been loyal to him from the very hour that he started in business in this city. A representative of the American Federation of Labor called upon this particular "personal friend" of mine and courteously requested him to close his store at 6 p. m. five days in the week and at 9 p. m. Saturdays. The representative met with a prompt and emphatic refusal, couched in these words: "I will not be a party to any scheme or measure whereby clerks, salesmen or other employees shall be given an opportunity to spend more time in bar-rooms and other dens of iniquity." I quote him literally. "That he did not propose to be controlled by a miserable lot of 'Terriers' who hadn't brains enough to attend to their own business, yet were presumptuous enough to dictate to gentlemen—business men—how they should conduct their affairs." However, when it came to the pinch, this defamer of workmen and their organizations, closed his store at 6 p. m., and on Saturday at 9 p. m., and because every workman in the district did not at once rally to his standard and buy of him to the exclusion of those who had always been friendly to organized labor, he, in the bitterness of his heart, at being compelled to yield a point to the despised workman, proceeded to make his store a "little hell" to his employees, every one of whom, save an unfortunate and erratic brother, were members of a labor organization. This system of persecution was endured until patience "ceased to be a virtue." The oldest employee of the house turned upon him, denying his allegations and challenged him to make oath to his assertions. The familiar form of the oldest employee disappeared from its accustomed place—not that he was discharged, Oh, no, but preferred seeking other employment where he could maintain his self respect without which there would be an absolute surrender of manhood. That powerful organization, The American Federation of Labor, brought my friend to terms. The clerks were powerless.

Man spurns the worm but passes ere he waken the subtle venom of the fold d snake, The first may turn but not avenge the blow. The last expires, but leaves no living Fast to the doomed offender's form it clings, and he my crush, not conquer, still it stings.

## POPULAR • SCIENCE.

Remarkable experiments were lately reported to the Cambridge Philosophical Society by Miss Pertz and Francis Darwin. If a "sleeping" plant is placed in a dark room after its leaves have assumed the nocturnal position, it will awake next morning, i. e., assume the diurnal position in spite of the darkness. Still more remarkably, if one-sided illumination causes the leaves to take oblique positions, they will resume such positions on awaking next day, though in darkness.

The inhuman explosive lyddite used by the British in the war against the Boers is said to be largely composed of picric acid, made by treating carboic acid with nitric. It is about eleven times the force of gun cotton, and the concussion is even more fatal than the fragments of shells. The name comes from the town of Lydd, where it was first made.

Professor Dewar, the discoverer of argon and the first man who liquefied air and other gases, has been experimenting to discover what degree of cold would kill the microbes of typhoid, diphtheria, cholera and other diseases. A colony of them was immersed in a flask of liquid air for eighteen hours. Despite the fact that the temperature was 312 degrees below zero, the microbes thawed out after their long bath and became as lively as ever. Photogenic germs become dark at that temperature, but resume their luminosity when thawed out. It is believed that no degree of cold that can be attained will destroy the life of the disease germs.

The mouth parts of the wasp, though arranged for sucking, have not reached that degree of perfection found among the bees. They are thus prevented from extracting the honey from the deeper flowers, and accordingly frequent the more shallow or widely opened ones, particularly the Umbellifer. Fruit in its season also forms an important part of the food of the adults. Several species store up honey in considerable quantities, but the greater number, if not all have marked carnivorous tendencies.

If we put alcohol on the hand it feels cool, not because of its temperature, but because by its rapid evaporation it carries away the heat of the hand. Water produces the same effect, but its evaporation is so slow that it is inappreciable to the hand. If the whole body be wet in a rather dry air, the cooling effect would be noticed immediately.

A cablegram goes from Newfoundland to Ireland rather slowly, we believe; the first letter of the first word might take an appreciable part of a second to cross. A cable message might be sent two thousand miles at about the same rate of speed.

Dr. Woodard of Columbia University maintains that the old estimate of the atmosphere's weight is equal to that of a shell of mercury thirty inches thick all around the earth is incorrect, and assigns as a maximum limit to the mass of the atmosphere one-twelfth hundredth that of the earth and a minimum limit of one-tenth millionth, a very wide range.

Prof. Angelo Mosso of Turin, a celebrated Italian savant, who recently visited this country, was greatly impressed by our gymnasiums and athletic sports. He thought it especially admirable that physical education was carried to so high a degree here without any military object. The American boys and girls in point of physique, he says, are far superior to those of Italy, and he confesses that he had "only to look at the passers by in the street" to be convinced how much more developed and strong they were than his compatriots.

Suppose a solid shaft of ice two miles square to be extended like a bridge across the gulf which separates the earth from the sun. If a track were laid on its surface an express train running at full speed would require more than 150 years to traverse it. Yet if the whole heat of the sun were turned upon it for a single second it would be melted, and in a few seconds more, all, even to the railroad train, would drift away as vapor.

A falling meteor gives out great heat, just as a bullet is heated when it strikes the target. Some have conjectured that a vast stream of these little hailstones raining upon the sun supply its fuel. But if the whole mass of the moon were put into a stone crusher, broken up and thrown against the sun, it would barely furnish heat for a single year. And no such weight could possibly approach the sun without our knowledge.

The geographical centre of the United States, 3,602,990 square miles, excluding Alaska and our new possessions, is in northwestern Kansas, midway between Wakeeney and Hill City. The centre of population is, however, far east of this, being fifteen miles west of Columbus, Ind., having moved to that point by easy stages from near Baltimore, where it was in the closing years of the last century, and is still traveling.

Scattered in evanescent cloudlets through the air, near the earth are many odors. Balloonists find reason to believe that the most powerful of these exhalations do not reach very far upward, while diffusion laterally is so slow that the smell of oil of limes was eighteen minutes passing through a tube three feet long, but the wind transports the odors far and rapidly. Rev. John M. Bacon, who has been investigating the subject, mentions a smell of burning fat that was drawn by the wind into a stream much more than seven miles long but of little width. He mentions the record of a boat's crew that was enveloped in a dense wreath of wood smoke when four hundred miles at sea; and also that of a smell of primeval forests that seemed to have been borne by a cyclone across the Atlantic to the coast of France.

The air of furnace-heated rooms has been shown by Mr. R. DeC. Ward to be drier than that of many desert regions. The mean relative humidity of the room tested was thirty per cent. for three weeks in November, and the mean relative humidity in the open air for the same time was seventy one per cent. The lowest open-air annual mean known in the United States is 42.9 per cent. for Yuma, Arizona, that for Santa Fe, New Mexico, being 44.8 per cent. A mean of twenty-three per cent. for five summer months in Death Valley, Cal.

Frank M. Chapman, in speaking of the migration of birds, says the birds which do not fear attack may migrate boldly in the daytime, but the timid birds of the forest wait until dark, then mount high in the air, and fly in large numbers, keeping in touch with their fellows by constant calling.

A most remarkable case of migration among birds is that of the plovers, which start from Nova Scotia and go to the northern shore of South America in practically one continuous flight. Comparatively few of these birds rest at Bermuda and the Barbadoes.

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## HIS FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Struggle of a Woodsman Who Met With an Accident.

From the heart of the Adirondack wilderness comes the following pathetic story of a woodsman's heroic struggle for life after meeting with a terrible accident.

The accident occurred on the shores of Lake Massawepie, in the town of Pierrefield. A lumberman by the name of Jerry Dudy had contracted to furnish logs for the mill at Pierrefield. He occupied with his wife and week old baby, a solitary cabin on the shores of the lake.

Dudy was at work some three miles in the forest felling spruce timber. One day last week he had cut through a tree about two and a half feet in diameter, and in felling it, it had become lodged in some nearby trees. This is a common occurrence, but the work of disengaging the tree involves great danger, and is the cause of many serious accidents.

Dudy proceeded to "butt off" the tree. The crash came at an unguarded moment, and he was knocked down, his right leg pinned to the earth under the great weight.

He was unconscious for some time, but after regaining his senses, he was not slow to realize the exceeding peril of the situation in which he was placed. He knew that if he remained inactive for any length of time he would freeze to death. He could just reach the ax, which had fallen near him, and with his knife he cut a portion of the helve that he might use the blade to better advantage in his reclining position.

The night advanced, the stars appeared one by one in the heavens, and still the brave man toiled on. Ofttimes he dropped his ax in despair. But the thought of wife and baby at home always caused him to take up his task with renewed vigor.

At last the tree was cut through, and with all his remaining strength he rolled the short butt from off his limb. He was free. He tried to rise, but his strength was fast failing, and he sank to the ground. On examining his leg he found it to be broken in two places and frozen stiff.

Late the next day he reached the door of his cabin, almost dead from exposure and loss of blood. He had crawled three miles over the broken and almost undefined wood trail, dragging behind him his crushed and broken limb. The thought of loved ones at home had given him strength to accomplish the almost herculean task.

His wife rendered such aid as was in her power, and then tramped through the deep snow a distance of over a mile to the nearest neighbor. Everything was done to relieve the man until a physician could arrive from the village of Pierrefield, thirteen miles away.

Pneumonia set in. He had suffered more than human strength could endure, and with the wife and child beside him, for the love of whom he had suffered so much, he passed away.—Utica Herald-Dispatch.

## Sound and Distance.

"When people read that armies are engaging each other at 2,000 yards distance they think the combatants can see each other, but they cannot," said an officer. "At that distance it is impossible to distinguish between a man and a horse, and at 1,200 yards, especially where there is any dust, it requires the best kind of eyes to tell infantry from cavalry. At 900 yards the movements become clearer, although it is not until they get within 750 yards of each other that the heads of the columns can be made out with anything like certainty.

"Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a marching column in dry weather raises a great deal of dust."

## The Philippine Language.

William R. Walters, who is serving in the Philippines, tells this story: Some very amusing affairs take place between our soldiers and the Chinese merchants, owing to the inability of the Americans to "sabee" the Oriental language. During that part of the fighting which is known in our ranks as "the loot of London," I saw a corporal of the Twenty-third regulars rake a small safe out of some ruins after a fire. Finding it to be empty, he started away with it under his arm. Before he had gone very far he met a Chinese merchant, to whom he undertook to sell the pilfered safe.

"Look here, John, how much you give for safe? Bellee nicee. Mucho vano safe?" says the corporal with much gesticulation and contortion. "I really don't need a safe," quietly replied the benighted Chinaman, "but I suppose you boys need some beer money, so what do you say to \$1 for it?"—Rochester Democrat.

## TOUSE'S FIRE COMPANY.

Little Opportunity to Fight Flames, But It Was Useful.

A stranger went into the engine house in La Salle street and asked questions. After he was enlightened he said to his informant:

"There have been some changes in the business since I was in it. I reckon you never heard of the Touse volunteers?"

The informant never had.

"Touse is the name of the town. It's spelled T-a-o-s. It was a lively place in its day—down in the lower end of Buchanan county, Mo. County that St. Joe's in. It was a volunteer outfit, the company was. We had a hand engine and our uniform was red shirts, blue nanken breeches, red-top boots and oilcloth caps. You never see any caps like them now."

"Have many runs?"

"Not to fires. There was but one fire in the town in two years, and that was a haystack."

"You hadn't much to do, then?"

"Didn't we? We was in demand all the time. Touse was a great place in its day for runaway couples to get married, and as the captain of the volunteers was the Justice of the Peace he always called out the company to be present at the connubial rites, as he called them, and there was no marriage until we got there. Sometimes there was a dance after the wedding, in the public square, and the bride had to alimande left and sashy with every member of the volunteers before she did with her husband."

"Then we used to have foot races on the Fourth of July, and whenever there was a county fair we were the ones altogether lovely. In the winter time when the circuit rider came to town and got up a revival we always turned out, and if the sinners didn't come to taw as lively as they should we would pull straws to see who would go up as mourners, and in that way the revival would be prolonged. It was always understood that the one that pulled the short straw had the privilege of backsliding after the season was over."

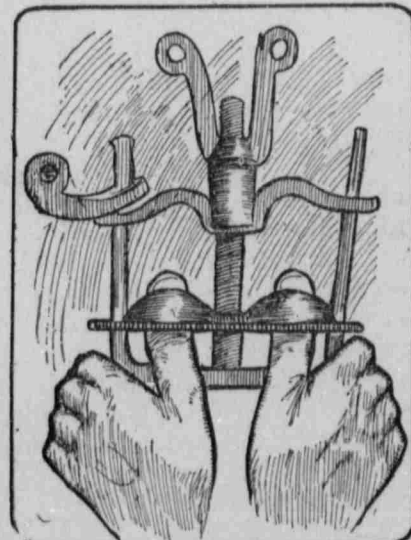
"There were no secret orders in Touse at that time, so when a prominent citizen kicked the bucket, as we said of a man when he died, the Touse volunteers turned out and planted him with Masonic or Odd Fellow honors, according to the wishes of his friends. There was no hearse in the towns, so we put the deceased on the engine. If his friends wanted Masonic honors over his grave our captain would toot the trumpet; if it was Odd Fellow honors that was demanded we rung the bell; and in that way strangers in Touse always knew which way the deceased had affiliated, so to speak, in his life. There wasn't much in Touse that the volunteers didn't take a hand in."—Chicago Tribune.

## FOUND IN GALICIA.

Medieval Tortures Still Used in the Smaller Towns.

The illustration is from the Vienna Extrablatt, which describes the horrors of medieval tortures still practised in Galicia.

For this crime Paul Rabrel, a commissary of police in the town of Sam-



(Thumb Screw).

bor has been sentenced to only eight months' imprisonment, while six of his subordinates received sentences varying from one to ten months for having obeyed his order.

Rabrel's favorite mode of punishment was the thumbscrew. His instrument of torture was even more cruel than that used by the Spaniards during the Inquisition in the Middle Ages.

The authorities have discovered that these tortures are inflicted in many of the smaller towns of Galicia, and a thorough inquiry has been ordered.

During the trial of Rabrel it was learned that at least a dozen prisoners had their hands and feet disabled by this cruel heinousness. The press is indignant at the very light sentence imposed.